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HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

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OUR CRITICS CRITICIZED.

BY CLIVE LOGAN.

I have been led to infer that a portion of this community is in a state of mind about me.

Certain journals, at all events, are confused about me.

I am beautiful and I am not.

I can act and I can't.

I am out of place as the Honorable Laura Roslyn and I am not.

One distinguished journal says I am "matronly."

Another states that I am "stilted."

And they evidently think I have got both pretty bad.

A very serious charge against me, also, is that I am married to a man.

I can only meekly answer that I come natural by it.

My mother was too.

Her husband, it may be proper to add, was my father.

That well-known journal for the fireside, the NEW YORK HERALD, intimates that I am pretty old, but its impartial critic who is entirely above suspicion, like Brevet-Brigadier General J. Cæsar's wife, generously adds that he has seen "much older actresses."

Let me here set this matter of age at rest by stating that I was born in 1841, and am consequently fifty-eight years old.

I am fifteen years older than Mr. De Walden.

My front-teeth are good.

Old age should be respected.

To me, indeed, there is something beautiful about old age.

The editor of the HERALD is quite old himself, but I am glad to know he must be happy.

The truly virtuous are ever thus.

It would have been a proud moment for George Washington if he could have foreseen that this sweet old man would some time own a house, and spend the soft summer months on those Heights which are so closely connected with the immortal name of the Father of his Country.

Washington died shortly before Mr. Bennett's time, but it is glorious to feel that he would have received the enthusiastic support of that spotless editor, if he had got his job-printing done at the HERALD office.

Even my eyes don't seem to satisfy the HERALD, although they have been favorably received in other cities.

At Evansville, Indiana, they got two rounds of applause (one each) and there were indications that they might be called in front of the curtain.

A gifted editor in that place stated that they were as "soft and melting as a summer's sun while quiet and easy they flashed with the fury of the eagle disturbed in his eyrie heights."

It is true he called on me the next day and wanted to sell me a house-lot, but I feel confident that his admiration of my eyes was sincere.

Besides, he told me this lot would double in value in two years.

I don't know whether it is quite the thing to quote scripture in this connection, but if it were, I should like to request the editor of the HERALD to pluck out the cast from his own eye before he notices the beaming in mine.

But the object of this screed is not to pick flaws with the critics.

Many of them have treated me very kindly.

Even the bitterest of those who have found fault with me wrote as he did simply because he was paid to do so.

It is pleasant to reflect that he would have praised me on the same terms.

O no! The object of this communication is to kindly criticise the audience which always so freely criticises us player-folk.

I don't know how it is, but we are somehow expected to unite all the virtues of the angels, the beauty of the gods, and five times the learning of the ~~erudite~~ Editor himself.

Our faults are magnified, our advantages under-estimated—our personal character disputed—the genuineness of our teeth and hair doubted—our dressmaker found fault with—the probabilities of her bill being paid (or otherwise) strongly insisted upon—vague hints thrown out in regard to the extreme likelihood of our remote maternal grandfather having been a pirate and a cut-throat robber (which supposition if true would fully account for the unsatisfactory "rendition" of our role in the last new comedy, and a few other trifling personalities of the same sort go to make up criticism in the Metropolis of this undoubtedly extensive country.

This species of criticism, unluckily, is far more galling than the product howsoever bitter, of genuine talent, and that *feu sacré* must be a perfect bonfire of tar-barrels and other rubbish which can keep blazing while the hose of the b'hoy critic is ejecting the puny stream of his milk-and-watery disapproval.

Ah, that is you, is it, Mrs. N.? You are coming in on a free ticket. Your casaque is not of this year's make, dear: it looks old-fashioned. Never mind; you are honest. Your ideas of astronomy consist in the belief that the sun rises in the east of your husband's well-worn coat, and sets in his western bootleg. You are naïve to insipidity, but you are as good as you are soft; so *ma foi*, I harm you not. Bless you—bless you!

Not so with you, Mrs. R. Your husband is a clerk in a commercial house on a salary of fifteen hundred a year. How do you manage to pay $60 for your new but ugly little Empire bonnet? How do such trifles as cashmere shawls, diamond rings, and thread-lace flounces find themselves in the wardrobe which your husband looks at admiringly, but ignorantly, too. He sometimes thinks that your various "aunts" who send you so many presents are very generous creatures, and often wonders why they never call at the house except when he is from home. We all have aunts, you know, haven't we? I think Mrs. R. has uncles, too.

Why Miss S., I hardly expected to see you here! Are your preparations for flight all made? Going to Europe, eh, with that dear fellow who may be seen and is seen every day plaiting his white teeth in front of the St. Nicholas? Well, he is handsome, I adm

Owns an estate in the South, does he? Well, perhaps so. I never was very bright in boxing the compass, and a fashionable N.—th street may be down South or up North for all I know. Only why don't he ask you to marry him first?

Among the late comers is Mr. J. He doesn't enjoy the piece much, but twists uneasily on his chair and starts suddenly and looks at the door. Compose yourself, J. Your employers don't know it, yet.

I look around for the professional critics—those who write for the press—but I don't see them.

Not particularly.

The most of them went away in the middle of the first act, and their notices of the whole of the new play are already in type.

They get tired of this sort of thing, you know; and let us not blame them for it, by Jove, you see.

Only while cutting us up they might oftener remember that they are not so startlingly perfect themselves.

Some among them there certainly are who conscientiously sit the play out, and then go to their offices and conscientiously write about it.

Of course these gentlemen are to be admired.

Conscientiousness is a fine thing.

It is about as fine a thing as consistency, which is a jewel of the first water.

I might add that the HERALD's consistency is gift-jewelry; but I love its noble-minded editor too much to say so.

Besides, it would be unjust.

None know him but to love him madly.

Sabbath-schools yearn for his presence.

It is base to call him corrupt.

There is no black-mail nor black female about him.

If you say that this is a digression, I calmly answer that it rather is.

But the human heart has feelings.

If you doubt it (altho' I rarely gamble) I'll bet you.

And to those feelings I must give vent.

Therefore let me vent.

Now comes in the promiscuous crowd—that sea of human nothings which makes up a "good house" at the theatre. Kitty and her beau, who don't care a pin for the play but have only come for a long conversation in which they indulge during the entire evening, much to the annoyance of their immediate neighbors, who, strange to say, prefer listening to the comedy to overhearing Kitty's love confessions, and sometimes even intimate as much to young Larkins who rudely heeds them not.

There is the school-girl of fifteen who worships the walking gentleman and refuses to believe that his moustache is painted.

There is the adolescent who rubs himself of sugar-plums to buy flowers which he throws at the feet of the leading lady.

There is the habitual theatre-goer who remembers seeing this piece, or something very like it, at least thirty years ago, and accedingly to whose statements the tricks, the stage, and stage appointments of the present day are in a complete state of degeneracy.

There is the ex-artiste of fifty well-told winters, who wonders why managers will let that chit of a girl play Juliet when herself could play it a thousand times better.

There is the man who laughs at everything. There is the universal *dénigreur*.

Four times the curtain comes down, and four times there is gossip, and flirting, and scandal, and hypocrisy of all sorts.

Mrs. X comments on her neighbor, and calls her a "horrid creature." They kiss, nevertheless, each time they meet, and have a joint pew at Dr. Nobby's church.

Mr. ——, who having neglected to call on Miss I, now crosses over to her, and says a few pleasant words; then bowing low, as he leaves her side, he congratulates himself that that corvée is over. Miss I. smiles at him, and looks very archly through her long lashes, but she inwardly hates the ground he walks upon, as if the ground were personally to blame for receiving his weight. This she tells her mother, who, knowing that he is rich, is anxious for her daughter to entrap him.

But at last the curtain comes down for good, or bad perhaps, and Kitty gets her dress trod upon, and young Larkins loses his umbrella, and Pa leaves his overcoat on the seat, and a sweet-scented billet-doux passes from a small neatly gloved hand into one which is larger and not gloved, and P. lights a cigar, and Mrs. P. says the smoke makes her sick, and the swells take carriages, and the mediocrity take the omnibuses, and the plebeians walk, and the gas is turned off, and there is a damp smell in the theatre, and in an hour or two, critics, and criticised, swells, mediocrities, plebeians and artistes are in that happy sleepy land where criticism comes not, and newspapers are unknown.

To the good, the kindly, and the true who were in the audience to-night, this criticism cannot apply.

To the false and vicious it does apply, and if they snarl at me for it, I shall content myself by "making faces" at them—a little accomplishment in which you know I excel.

My features were "distorted" on the opening night of "Sam"; but the expression they then wore was sweetly angelic compared to the frightful mugs I will make at those snarlers.

The venerable and "matronly" female who writes these lines could not be severe if she tried.

Old Olive has a kind heart! And she only hopes to show in this article, that people who live in brass houses shouldn't be so lively [illegible] flying stones around.

Coming to New York, fresh from the wilds of Paris, she knows she must have "western manners," but persons so afflicted, may have a little sense nevertheless, and the little I possess tells me that, after all, people are very much like folks, except the editor of the HERALD, who seems to be different.

Excuse grammar, and believe me,

Still so gently,

OLIVE LOGAN.

THE HAND-WRITING ON THE WALL.

A WEAKLY NOVELETTE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY PRESS, BY THE AUTHOR.

CHAP. I.

* * "From high Hymettus to the plain
The Queen of Night asserts her silent reign."

"The welcome, the thrice prayed for, the most fair,
The best beloved Night."

It was night—night in Indiana and elsewhere.

The sun had dipped beneath the western wave promptly at the hour appointed in the almanac, pursuant to a time-honored custom. Pale Luna and her army of glittering stars, with a frisky scout of a comet, had marshalled on the nightly plain.

Dew had fallen in places, and the tender aftermath was moist.

But this has nothing to do with our story.

Let us pass on.

CHAP. II.

"Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus."

"Many a wassail bout
Wore the long winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing."

"The quaighs were deep, the liquor strong."

In an upper back chamber of his ancestral mansion P. Priscian Prynne had called together a few friends—choice bricks from Indiana's kiln.

They sat with heels reposing upon the stove, or reclined upon the bed in carelessly graceful attitudes, sublimely disregardful of burning leather, or of the immaculate counterpane.

After they had warmed themselves and uttered a great silence, Priscian arose and shut out the gaze of Pale Luna and her stars (alluded to in Chap. I.), by letting down an elegant cambric curtain.

Having taken this precaution, he proceeded, still mysteriously silent, to draw from the recesses of a hair trunk, bound with iron bands and brass tacks, a huge flagon, a paper of sugar, and a few lemons.

He placed the flagon, mouth upwards, under the nose of each of his companions in turn, commencing on the right.

It evidently contained something fragrant, for they all sniffed and smiled and sighed satisfactorily.

It should have been stated that, besides sundry boot-heels, the stove upheld a richly chased urn of warm water.

The companions now gathered around the square table and proceeded to concoct a mixture of the articles already mentioned, and which it is not necessary to enumerate again, muttering mystic incantations the while.

They tasted it, and each pronounced it good and took some more.

They squeezed in a trifle more lemon, tasted it, and took some more.

They added a trifle more sugar, tasted it, and took some more.

Then they smoked, and the waving aromatic clouds filled their souls with peace, and they took some more.

Now Priscian had music in his soul and a fiddle under the bed.

A delicious Orphic madness flooded his brain, and with nimble fingers he drew from the tortured chords a quaint potpourri of sweet and gushing sounds.

The old folks were not at home; they had gone away—whither it is unnecessary for us to inquire.

Inspired by the music's strains, the companions arranged themselves in graceful lines, and, in light, tripping measure, wove the fantastic figures of the mazy stag-dance.

Then they rested and took some more.

All this was doubtless very indecorous on the part of these young men; but we must remember that they were in that crude immature state of existence, when youth sees the world through opalescent crystal media, when life wears a dim, amethystine hue,

"And things are not what they seem."

The careful reader will also notice that all this is unnecessary for the development of our plot.

CHAP. III.

"One bumper at parting."

"'Tis now the very witching time of night."

"Out rode from the wild, dark castle
The terrible Heintz von Stein."

"In brief, my Lord, we both descried
The Palmer mount and outward ride."

Time passed on (a habit that Time has), and an elegant ormolu clock on the marble mantle piece struck one.

It would have struck more, but it was not yet time.

Filling for the last time the massive antique goblets, the companions rose to their respective feet, and drained them (the goblets), each making the same brief but pithy remark, "Here's luck!"

The gentlemanly host, Priscian, took from an embossed nail in the corner his voluminous black cloak, placed it gracefully upon his shoulders, and went forth into the night, to help his friends mount their gallant chargers.

When they had succeeded in doing this, then, and not till then, they rode off gaily, caroling an ancient Runic rhyme, to the effect that they would not go home till morning.

Whether they did or not makes no difference with this story, nor does anything else that has been told thus far.

CHAP. IV.

"Where are the friends of my youth?"

"Why thus longing, why forever sighing
For the far-off, unattained, and dim?"

Priscian uttered a faint smile as the last horse whisked his sportive tail and disappeared, and turned within himself mournfully.

For his friends were gone from his gaze, and he was weary and depressed.

He also turned toward the towering mansion of his fathers, that loomed up so grandly among the deciduous forest trees that decked the sloping lawn that lay sleeping so peacefully in the moonlight.

It looked gloomy and deserted and a great way off.

Should he go back up that long path?

His friends had left him, his soul was sad, and his limbs seemed undecided and unwilling to move.

No, he would not go.

But yes, he would.

He stretched his jewelled hand toward the enamelled latch of the white-washed gate, but his feelings overcame him, and he fell forward, prone upon his face, and struck his massive brow upon a cruel pebble which made it blue-massive upon that particular spot.

CHAP. V.

"He lies asleep,
And, from his parted lips, his gentle breath,
Comes like the fragrance from the lips of flowers."

"After the night's carousal he sleeps well."

Our hero met the untoward mishap that befell him in the last chapter, manfully, heroically.

Unable to follow the example of the lawn and slope, he followed it in another respect, and slept that dreamless, refreshing sleep that only descends upon the pillow of the innocent and the beautiful.

Not that he had any pillow to speak of, but he would have had one if he had fallen about two feet to the right, where some weeds had been cut and piled.

CHAP. VI.

"So sleep the brave who sink to rest."

The moon and stars move on, according to the established astronomical laws, nor stop in their mysterious course to drop a tear upon the fallen Priscian.

Neither does he pay any attention to them; for he is still sleeping, profoundly, peacefully, stertorously.

The earth moves on in its diurnal revolution, and still he lies there.

He may well be grateful for the law of gravitation.

He is lying upon his back now.

CHAP. VII.

"Sleep on! Let no bad truth
Fall yet upon his youth."

Ah, if he only could sleep on.

If we only could pick his pocket and saturate his handkerchief with some Lethean soporific, apply it to those delicately chiselled

nostrils, and so give him perpetual nepenthe!

But we cannot.

He has left his handkerchief in the house.

And besides, we must wake him in the next chapter that he may reveal to the reader the occult mystery of the title of our romance.

He is now lying upon his right side.

CHAP. VIII.

"Day dawns upon the mountain side."

"Night's candles are burned out, and jocund day
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops."

" * * The morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high Eastern hill."

"O say, can you see by the dawn's early light?"

"Kneeling, like hooded friars, the misty mountains
Receive the benediction of the sun."

"O, I have passed a miserable night!"

"And now, Tam saw an unco' sight!"

In this weary world of ours, men eat and sleep, marry and die; seasons come and go, and day alternates with night with commendable regularity.

This is a fact too well established to require argument, and, as it happens to have nothing to do with our story, we will let it rest.

The sun reappeared in his accustomed place in the East, apparently refreshed and invigorated by his dip in the above-mentioned Western wave.

The sky blushed incarnadine, and Aurora, breathing balm of more than a thousand flowers, touched with rosy finger tips the slumbrous eyes of P. Priscian Prynne.

He evidently felt their touch, for he yawned capaciously, and murmured incoherently and huskily.

But not until the full-orbed god of day had touched with golden beams his damp and tangled locks, did he wake, to find himself stiff and sore and generally uncomfortable.

He was dry, his hair pulled, and he was unable to orient himself.

Even though miserable, he was not ungraceful, as he leaned upon his aching arm, and cast an inquiring glance about him.

But what is it that meets his wildered gaze? Is it—is he—can it—what can it be?

To assure himself of his identity he clutches wildly his throbbing bosom, soils his shirt front, and hurts himself with a cluster diamond pin.

This re-assures him. He rubs his dazzled eyes.

He looks again, and sees on the opposite fence, spread out before him in glaring pigment that burns into his soul, and gives him a *colica pictonum*, the cabalistic, occult, ominous characters—

S. T.—1860.—X.!!

CHAP. IX.

"Lift him up tenderly."

"A ministering angel thou."

With eyeballs seared and introverted, P. Priscian Prynne swooned gracefully upon the rough gravel, where a faithful henchman found him, and bore him to his downy couch, after relieving him of his diamond pin.

CHAPTER X.

Selah!

(For the Saturday Press.)

TRAVELS IN JERSEY.

My Dear Press:

As a general rule, those who write "Sketches of Travel" are sketchy travelers, skimming the surface of a country, appropriating specimens at random, and never thinking of getting below the end of the pasture in which they feed.

I remember the case of the Frenchman who wrote "sketches," and, because he happened to meet a woman in a stage-coach in England, with a silver tea-urn in custody, informed the French Public that English women always made the tea-equipage a part of their luggage.

Most men who journey through New England discover that *real* Yankees talk through their noses and do little else. Many visitors to London bring back, as the sum of their acquisitions, an indefinite idea of vastness, and a positive knowledge that English aristocrats and law-makers thickly interlaced their speech with "ahems" and "ahas" for the lack of ideas or of the power to express them.

Ross Brown's general view of Constantinople consisted of a stone wall, the dome of a mosque and a dog-fight.

Bickford's Italy, is blue sky, vines, dark eyes, gondolas, maccaroni, beggars, valambrosa and sugar-plums.

Central America, for Stevens, consisted in sarcophagi, hideous idols, and hieroglyphic monuments.

Bayard Taylor's idea of a country is that it may be made the scene of a story, entertaining and a little instructive, of which the author should be the hero.

George William Curtis invaded the Orient, like Lamartine before him, that he might sever Egypt and Syria from Earth and give them to the brightest and veriest Dreamland.

Ik Marvel has travelled to some purpose in search of pleasant landscapes, soft airs, quaint and romantic legends.

Nathaniel Hawthorne travelled a little that he might write a charming romance, and publish a volume to be entitled "Our Old Home."

What I am trying to arrive at through all this prelude, and by means of it, is, that I have travelled in a region of country, but little known off the direct through routes, set down upon the maps as New Jersey.

I believe it is already well known that there are two New Jerseys; first, New Jersey proper, which is the wheel; second, Camden and Amboy, which is the wheel within the wheel, generally giving direction and force to the whole machine.

If I prided myself upon terseness of expression—which I do not—I should describe New Jersey thus: railroads, peaches, apples, Cape May, Princeton College, apple jack and the State election.

I visited the country I am attempting to sketch under the most favorable auspices; the people were, and in fact are, about to choose those officers who shall preside over their destinies during the ensuing year; who shall make and administer the law.

In New Jersey, as in other countries, which have been more thoroughly explored, as Patagonia and Kamschatka, politics is an intermittent epidemic, and its greatest access of fury occurs annually during the month of October, when it is only restrained by the general desire to press cider and distil apple-jack.

Politics is now saying as never before in this region. The disease has seized upon old and young Jerseymen and Dutchman alike, and everywhere hosts of men and boys may be heard shouting themselves hoarse for candidates whom they did not know and for principles which they cannot understand.

My own private impression, gathered from profound and protracted investigation, is that

the people of this country propose to identify their fortunes with those of the "Great American Republic," and that they are educating themselves, in the most approved manner, by means of mass meetings, torchlight processions, bands of music, and stump-speeches.

I may be permitted to add, in this connection, that the result of all the noise will be made known on the eighth day of November, and the decision of the people of this country will be looked for with interest by the American people, whose boundaries they join, and will be announced in capitals by the daily papers of the great metropolis.

A majority of the people of New Jersey speak a dialect of the English language.

In many localities, however, the infusion of high or low Dutch is so great that one who has not been weaned under the auspices of an imported nurse finds great difficulties in carrying on instructive or protracted conversation.

One peculiarity which may be worthy of note is this; while many of the people respond in the affirmative to whatever one may be pleased to communicate to them in unmixed English, thereby indicating that they clearly comprehend, they fail to make any other response than the most simple assent comprehensive.

I believe I have the honor to be the first traveler who has made public amusement of this peculiarity of those who may be called mixed Jerseymen.

In costume, the men of Jersey follow in the wake of modern civilization. The women, in the more densely populated regions, have given their adhesion to jockey-hats and waterfalls, and in the use of fans and sunshades, vermillion and chalk, they are but little behind their sisters in neighboring countries.

My observations, protracted through the unprecedented period of an entire week, would lead me to the conclusion that the women of Jersey, in the matter of personal attractions, need not fear a competition with those of surrounding nations. There is a bloom upon their cheeks, and a lustre in their eyes, which a higher civilization may dim or fade without returning any worthy equivalent.

In their present state the rural maids of Jersey are as charming as any feminines can hope to be who are innocent of French and Saratoga.

Did anybody, beside Edmund Kirke, ever say that he proposed to describe scenes, "all of which I saw, and a part of which I was?"

That is my present proposition.

Like Mr. Kirke, I am *not* the hero of my story; but, to premise; one of the peculiar institutions of Jersey is a distilled spirit denominated, indifferently, apple brandy, apple whisky, apple jack or Jersey lightning, which I once incontinently tasted, and which presented a mingled flavor of decayed fruit, kerosine oil smoke and pure flame.

I might have imbibed a bad sample, but I noticed that it passed down the throats of those who surrounded me, and excited no adverse comments; not a man even complained of a peculiar "twang," or suffered the tear of misery to appear in his eye, or manifested any of the symptoms supposed to indicate spontaneous inward combustion; therefore, I am forced to believe that it is possible to become accustomed to the strokes of Jersey lightning providing the subject survives the first half dozen lessons.

Most of us have been inveigled into drinking "Clicquot," "Munn's Cabinet," "Heidsick," and "Côte D'or" of the hotel kind, which is extensively produced in Jersey, and experience no other inconvenience than a headache, and the presence of something very like a grape-shot in the pit of the stomach; but, "Jersey lightning," for the uninitiated, puts a city hall bell under the scalp, which every pulse strikes, and heats the grape-shot to a white heat.

But, *revenous.*

Scene, a "tavern" on a mountain road, the geographical centre of a township with no appearance of a town round about; moonlight; clear and cool.

Time, evening; a crowd assembled to listen to a political harangue; music: fife and drum; air: continental march, alternating with Yankee Doodle.

The large hall of the "tavern," erst used for dancing and other rural festivities, and now decorated with a flag, and crowded with men and women, some of the latter tendency nursing their off-spring.

Adjoining the grand hall is the bar-room; also crowded.

The orator of the night commences in a mild tone, and in a conciliatory manner: the people listen quietly; anon, he warms with his subject, and says a severe thing of his political opponents; then a hundred pairs of thick boots simultaneously strike the floor, the kerosene lamps flicker, the dust rises in a cloud, while from the inner sanctuary comes a shrill yell of acquiescence, its fervor and its tone inspired by Apple Jack.

Thus, for two long hours, the listeners to the harangue have only to indicate their approval when the "lobby members," who maintain undisputed possession of the "bar-room," take up the cry and multiply it a thousand fold with wildest variations.

And yet, this is my point.

The speech finished, the company disperses, and emaciated measures of Jersey lightning are lifted into wagons by the men who have imbibed them and carried safely home.

Perhaps mental stimulants, growing out of the impending election, neutralize the more palpable.

Certain it is, that it would not do for a man who does not care whether A or B is elected to join the devotees of either in a drinking-bout.

If Jersey changes her coat we may safely set it down that her apple orchards have had something to do with it.

Yet the country over the river is a pleasant place to sojourn or to travel in.

At this season, her barns filled to overflowing tell of the richness of her soil and the industry of her people.

The click of the myriad hammer means progress in wealth and usefulness.

Her broad green slopes are pleasant to look upon, and autumn is arraying the leaves of her forests in gorgeous burial robes before delivering them to their sexton, the north wind.

I must return to Jersey, where bright eyes, and, even thus early, firesides lighted up with a generous glow at evening, invite me.

So ends my gossiping and unconsequential sketch of travels in Jersey.

C. C. W.

(From Dickens' All the Year Round.)

MRS. MOHAMMED BEY "AT HOME."

Women travelling in the East have one advantage over male voyagers, and that is in the power of entering into the penetralia of the harem (pronounced hahrém, or sometimes hahrum), if an opportunity for so doing be afforded them.

During a brief stay in Cairo with friends of considerable influence there, such an occasion offered itself to me.

In the house next to the one in which I was visiting, a wedding was in progress; I say in progress, seeing that the ceremonies attendant thereon lasted five days. The house in question had belonged to Selim Pasha, a Turkish grandee, and very wealthy, but who had, shortly before, quitted this sublunary sphere: leaving his wealth, his harem, and his children, under the tutelage of persons appointed to undertake that charge. It was his eldest son, a youth who had attained the ripe age of fourteen, who was now being married. The bride was a Circassian slave, brought up and much beloved by the mother of Abbas Pasha, late nephew to the reigning viceroy, and who, a few years before, had been quietly disposed of, as was commonly believed, through the instrumentality of Nasli Hanoum, his aunt; but at all events with the approval, and probably the connivance, of all the family, as a measure of self-defence. The old lady, being of an advanced age, and wishing to provide for her protégé before her death, had made up the present match.

Often sunning myself on the balcony—for the season was winter, and the wind sometimes chilly—I used to look with curiosity into my neighbor's premises. The house, a very large one, stood between a court and a garden, far back from the street, much farther than ours, so that we commanded a view of the whole of one side of it. It was built with the usual flat

roof, which is common to all dwellings in Egypt, and with the windows of the harem, only excepting those looking on the gardens which specially belonged to it, very small, and so high up as to be quite beyond the reach of the inmates. Even the windows on the garden had close carved lattice-work more than half their height outside the casements. Attached to the house were a number of outbuildings, most of them in grievous want of repair, as is the custom of those regions, where hardly a wall is without vast cracks and seams, to say nothing of more serious dilapidation. It is said that a week of rain at Cairo, which happily is a circumstance unknown in its annals, would bring down the greater portion of the city. But this by the way.

The space between some of those buildings was closed in by canvas coverings, and from thence proceeded frequently the sounds of music, chiefly instrumental, but occasionally vocal as well. I had never heard Turkish music performed by a Turkish band, and was very glad of this opportunity. The music was quite peculiar, unlike any other I have had any experience of, and some of it was really fine. To English ears it has little melody—using the word in the technical sense—is general monotonous, and often trivial—but occasionally there come wild bursts, snatches of

Sad perplexed minors,

that are very striking indeed. There are often, too, odd breaks in the air, as played by the leading instruments, while the accompaniment fills up the space until it be resumed, and then keeps up rather an echo of it than a simultaneous sound, which, in itself, produces a singular effect. The instruments I could not see; they seemed to be chiefly of brass, with drums of a dull sound, tambourines, and some other instruments in the nature of cymbals, but less loud and clashing.

From chimneys built in all sorts of queer places, most of them opening a little above the surface of the ground, issued the smoke of the cookery perpetually going on—forty sheep alone were slaughtered for the occasion, and the quantity of poultry sacrificed must have been almost beyond computation. The kites, which swarm in Cairo, gathered by scores to pick up the offal cast into the yards. At times, the air would literary be darkened and troubled by the wheelings of these picturesque scavengers, and resonant with their little vibrating tremulous whistle: while rows of them sat along the parapet running round the roof. Now and then some of the number would swoop, would rise again with a prize, and then would commence a chase of doublings, soarings, twistings, wheelings, and sharp cries: while, at times, one who had been so fortunate as to carry off his prey unobserved, might be seen tearing and devouring it with claws and beak while still on the wing.

So much for the exoteric turn of matters. But soon an unexpected opportunity was given me of judging of the esoteric; an invitation, of which the following is a literal translation, being procured by one of my friends, through a Turkish acquaintance intimate with the family of the bridegroom:

TO THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS MR. C——.

The Lord having afforded Mohammed Bey, son of the late Selim Pasha Tuturigi, happiness and joy, he desires that thou shouldst be pleased to see it, and therefore begs thee to honor the above-mentioned Bey's house, near the Esbekiah, by your company this evening, Wednesday, 7 Sciaban, 1278, at half-past one by Turkish reckoning, together with the lady Madame R., and the other lady.

May the Almighty prolong thy life.

The seal (or stamp) of

O

Ismaïn, Wekil.

It will be observed that in this invitation no particular allusion is made to the occasion on which "happiness and joy" are "afforded by the Lord" to Mohammed Bey, it being entirely contrary to Turkish etiquette for men ever to make any mention to each other of their harems, or the inhabitants thereof. Turks do not sign their names in writing, but stamp them with a signet, which they always carry about for the purpose.

This invitation was for the last day of the festival. It had been announced to us some time previously that we were to receive it, and about five o'clock it was brought by a messenger, with a request that we would accompany him to the house. We entered a court-yard, crossed it, and found ourselves in a sort of outer hall, where a number of persons and some of the musicians were assembled. Here we had to separate from the gentleman who accompanied us, he being led to join the male guests, while a Nubian eunuch, lifting the heavy curtain that fell over an arch, conducted my lady friend and myself to the staircase leading to the harem. Mounting this, we were met by a Circassian slave, light-skinned and fair-haired, with a very beautiful figure though a somewhat plain face, and by her we were ushered into a large room, where several inmates of the harem were scattered in picturesque confusion.

Anything more strangely incongruous than the aspect of the place and of its inhabitants it is impossible to conceive. The walls of the room were covered with an ugly common European paper, and the floor with a gaudy and equally ugly Brussels carpet. Round the walls were ranged a drawing room set of two sofas and some chairs, covered with dark green silk. In the middle of the room stood a little round table, with a covering of the cheapest and most ordinary brown and white cotton print, trimmed with a coarse edging, such as may be bought in England for about a penny the dozen yards.

At one end of the room three large windows, but sheltered outside with the carved lattice-work, looked into the garden, and all along this end was a divan of crimson and gold-colored satin, while some large cushions of the same were placed on the floor. On these sofas and chairs some of the ladies were sitting; others were gathered up, with their legs under them—not cross-legged—the Turks, both men and women, generally keep their legs up on their seat, but rather tucked up than crossed and others squatted on the cushions and on the carpets, amid pipes and coffee-cups.

Of these ladies, truth compels me to state that few were young, still fewer at all good-looking. They were of all shades of complexion and casts of feature, one or two being nearly black and with negro faces, while others were fair and had no Oriental type at all in their countenances. Not one, however, had the slightest freshness or brightness of coloring, and the weary listlessness of expression visible—in the slaves especially—was too marked to escape notice. Many of the older women were immensely fat, and so unwieldy, that when they sat down, they had to be hauled up by some of their more active companions.

I observed that the same incongruity which marked the style of the furniture displayed itself in the women's dresses. A few were handsomely attired; others wore a curious mixture of splendor and shabbiness; others were mere bundles of old clothes.

The costume consisted, first of a nondescript garment—half skirt, half trousers—wrapped loosely about the figure from the waist to the feet. This is a necessary part of every dress. Over this, some wore a tunic of another color and material. Sometimes, the dress had a body to correspond, crossing over the bosom, with large loose sleeves and very short waist. But in general a jacket, long or short, in some cases quite loose, in others fitting the figure pretty closely, was worn over an under-vest. The head-dress consisted generally of a little cashmere handkerchief, black or of some bright color, and edged with gold or silver tinsel or spangles, pinned about the head; in some instances, it was decorated with stars and other ornaments in diamonds; but some of the ladies, the old ones especially, had their heads tied up in anything that came to hand. I did not see a single turban in the harem. Long hair seems much prized among these fair ones, and I was amused at the naïve attempts made by some of those, who evidently studied appearance, to produce a semblance of it. I (being short-sighted) was struck with admiration at the two long thick plaited tails that fell low down the back of a lady handsomely dressed in rich lilac silk, trimmed with silver. But when the lady approached, I perceived that the hair which showed under her head-dress was black, while the tails were of a light brown.

To return to our reception. We were led to the divan at the end of the room, where two or three of the women were lounging, and where a fat shabby elderly lady (as a general rule all the elderly ladies were fat and shabby), with a good countenance, addressed herself to us. My companion speaking Arabic, with which most of the women are acquainted, though their own language is Turkish, and this being an accomplishment which I had not attained to, the burden of conversation fell upon her. While she and the old lady conversed, all the others looked on and listened, occasionally making remarks to each other in Turkish—on the subject, as it seemed, of their discourse. Meantime pipes and coffee were brought us by two young slaves, better dressed than the generality of their mistresses, with whom they seemed on very easy terms. The pipes were long chibouks, having amber mouthpieces, ornamented with diamonds; and the tobacco was so mild that I found it rather agreeable to smoke. The coffee, which was very strong and very sweet, and without milk, was served scalding hot, in tiny china cups, without saucers, but inserted in *sarfs*, which are precisely like egg-cups; these are in universal use in Egypt, as well with Europeans as with Turks. The common sort are made in clay or brass; the better, in silver filigree; and some of the finest are of magnificent materials and workmanship. Those on the present occasion were of open-work silver, with medallions of flowers in colored enamels. And here I may remark that, throughout, the manners of these women were precisely those of children; children who lived a life of perpetual idleness, who were, for the most part, considerably bored thereby, and who were pleased

and amused to get hold of anything in the way of novelty, and disposed to be kind and courteous to the strangers who brought them a new sensation.

The old lady having asked innumerable questions as to our names, ages, families, and so forth, there commenced an examination of some trinkets we wore. A gold bracelet with little golden balls hanging from it having especially attracted the dame's attention, she clasped it on her own wrist, and, having contemplated it with considerable complacency, calmly requested my friend to make her a backshish thereof; but the request being declined, on the score that the bracelet was a keepsake, she returned it, somewhat disappointed, but not the least abashed at the refusal. Meanwhile, innumerable women, whom we had not seen at first, came and went, gliding about silently in yellow or embroidered slippers: though some wore leather boots, apearently of European make, but embroidered up the fronts with gold.

Presently, when we were beginning rather to wonder what was to be done next, there was a little stir in the room, and in walked a rather short and stout old lady, whose toilet was by no means remarkable either for elegance or tidiness, and whose head was bound up in two dark cotton pocket-handkerchiefs of the very commonest kind—one round her forehead, the other tied under her chin, gipsy-fashion, the corner hanging down behind, while a small interregnum of extremely unkempt hair was visible between the two. This lady, whose graciousness and dignity were in no wise affected by her state of dishabille, made us welcome in a way that showed she was the chief personage of the house, and indeed her manner was not without a certain ease and courtesy. She was, I believe, the mother of the defunct Selim Pasha, and grandmother of the bridegroom, consequently mistress of the harem.

During all this time we had not the slightest idea of the programme of the entertainment, how long we were expected to stay, or what we were expected to do. This was, as may be supposed, a slight source of embarrassment, especially as the conversation began most palpably to flag. The striking up of some music—the musicians being invisible—was a little relief. Most singular music it was. First, came a dull monotonous sound, as of tambourines without bells being struck in rhythm, first with the knuckles, then with the palm of the hand. Presently, followed the voices of the eunuchs and women rising in one long vibrating shrill cry on a single note, beginning softly, swelling by degrees into a ringing tremulous thrilling treble which had an almost unearthly sound, then ceasing by degrees: the tamborine accompaniment forming all the while a sort of background which still added to the effect. This, we were told, was called a fantasia, but I must own that, singular as the performance was, there was an extremely limited amount of fancy expended on it.

Twilight now falling, lights were brought, and we were beginning to consult on the propriety of taking our departure, when the lady in lilac and silver returned and invited us to follow her into an adjoining room.

Not at all knowing why or wherefore, we odeyed, and were introduced into a small apartment with a good deal of gilding and blazing with light, where a number of women were assembled, most of them standing. At first, in the crowd and the sudden glare of the light—for the outer room, probably with design, was very dimly illuminated—I distinguished nothing in particular; but, on advancing a few steps, I suddenly became aware of what appeared to me at the first glance some glittering image or idol, seated in a corner of the room on a high triangular divan of state, covered with crimson satin embroidered in gold.

This was the bride.

Immediately, gilt and satin-colored chairs were placed for us, within a yard of the divan, and directly in front of it; and the invitation, "Shoof aroussa" (Look at the bride), was given.

I have seldom experienced so singular an impression as that which seized me on obeying the injunction.

There she sat, a girl of sixteen, very beautiful, rich in the full possession of her woman's charms, but no woman. For the time being, she was simply the aroussa—a show, a sight, a thing on which to hang gorgeous jewels, gold, glittering stuffs, feathers, embroidery—nothing more.

She sat upright, supported and surrounded by cushions, her legs tucked or crossed under her, her hands folded on her lap, her eyes drooped. This position she never changed during the whole time—about an hour and a half—that we remained there. I shall never forget the cold, handsome, scornful, weary face I then gazed on, nor the suggestions it conveyed to me of the struggles between the external and internal life some of these women must undergo, before they settle down into the usual routine of the harem existence.

There was this young creature, passively and silently submitting to what, to any woman, must have been a frightful penance, physical as well as moral—submitting without a murmur expressed, while her face was one persistent protest against the enthralment she was enduring, and which must have been inexpressibly painful, for her finely-cut closed lips were nearly colorless, and all her face was wan with the fatigues and constraint of her position, maintained daily during many consecutive hours.

Her dress consisted of a pale yellow silk robe, stiff and heavy with gold embroidery. Her head-dress was a mass of diamonds; at one side of her head were two feathers, a pink and an azure; on the other, falling on the neck, a dark blue feather; while a sort of lappet of some gold fabric hung down on either shoulder. Round her neck was a gorgeous necklace of pearls, emeralds, and diamonds; and, strange to see, on her chin, and on either cheek, diamonds were stuck in little clusters—I suppose with some paste or gum.

In addition to the innumerable lights in the room, there was placed on the floor, on either side of the bride, a brass candlestick, between three and four feet high, containing a huge candle with flowers painted on it. Cushions and mattrasses were laid around, and on these the ladies coming and going, sat and chatted; their attention divided between the bride and us; while we stared, as it was evidently expected we should stare, at the unhappy aroussa, and discussed the fresh pipes and coffee that were brought. And now, by degrees, the tone of decorum that had hitherto prevailed began to relax. A third fat, shabby, elderly lady—the fattest we had yet seen—having imprudently squatted on the floor beside my friend, for the greater convenience of conversing and inspecting us and our dresses, finding it impossible to get on her feet again by her own unassisted efforts, beckoned to one of her younger companions to aid her in the operation, who responded by seizing her ankle, and dragging her forward, displaying, in so doing, a leg of curious proportions. Considerable mirth was excited by this sally, and the dame, who good humoredly joined in the laugh, having been hoisted to her feet, a fourth fat, shabby lady took the place just vacated, and, having called our attention afresh to the bride—who but for the perpetual flashing glitter of gold and diamonds, caused by her respiration as the glare of light fell on her, showed no signs of life—she began to question my companion as to the bridal customs and etiquette in England.

This old lady, who, in addition to being fat and shabby, was, as her subsequent conduct proved, so very jovial as to awaken a suspicion touching the use of stimulants, evidently considered that the answers indicated a very backward state of civilization. Did they sing at the wedding? she inquired, beginning herself one of the tuneless monotonous chants of which Eastern song consists. No. She tossed her chin with an air of pitying contempt. Did they dance? And here, scrambling to her feet, she began a slow swaying rhythmed movement, twisting her arms and her head in a manner that would have been graceful had some twenty years been taken off the lady's age, and some four or five stone off her figure, accompanying the dance with a slow song (to which, however, she gave anything but a "slow" expression, in the slang acceptation of the word), and a clapping of the hands in time to the measure. And now, for the first and only time, did the bride indicate that she was a living woman, and not a deaf and dumb and blind and senseless image. At the first movement of the old lady, the shadow of a smile flickered over her fine set features, and was gone; but when the dance and song actually commenced, the passive scorn of her face changed for an instant into an indignant sneer; up went the chin, still lower dropped the lids, and a little, inarticulate sound, indicative of contemptuous impatience, escaped her lips; then again her face became rigid. Meanwhile, considerable sensation was produced in the harem by the conduct of the old lady; and though some laughed, it was evident, from the demeanor of the ladies in general, that they were greatly scandalized by the proceeding. Many remonstrances were uttered, and various attempts made to put an end to the scene. But in vain. The dancer wavered and quavered on unheeding, addressing both dance and song especially to us, and for the first time since my entrance into the harem, I began to acknowledge that there were cases where ignorance might be bliss; for there were evidently portions of the song so little suited to ears polite, that some of the women uttered exclamations of horror, and one or two covered their faces with their hands.

(*Continued on page* 186.)

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NEW FORM OF ALLEGIANCE.

I hereby solemnly subscribe to the Constitution of the United States for life, and to the New York Saturday Press for one year—promising to renew my subscription to the latter as often as called upon.

Witness my hand and "Green Seal" this —— of —— A.D. ——

Name, ——.
Address, ——.

Any person filling up the above form, enclosing the sum of three dollars, and forwarding the same to this office, will give a proof of his loyalty and intelligence which will place him (in our opinion) in the first rank of American citizens.

GOOD NEWS.

We hear that steps are being taken toward severing the connection between the Herald and the Associated Press.

The whole town is so jubilant over the success of the Associate Managers in the same direction, that the members of the press, —with a few scared or suborned exceptions— have taken courage and will probably separate themselves as completely from the Herald as the theatres and the opera have done.

All that is wanted in the matter is some one with the firmness and pluck of Max Maretzek, to take the initiative.

The Herald should never have been recognized by the Associated Press even when it was supposed to have been a power.

Now that, thanks to the Associate Manager, it is proved to be not only corrupt, but powerless, it requires but little courage, and no sacrifice, to send the wretched sheet promptly and permanently to Coventry.

About the only place in the city where it meets with any favor, at present, is the Anatomical Museum, of which it is the special and appropriate organ.

It ought to be bottled up there.

A lawyer in Wall St. having missed his Coke one morning last week found that his office boy had used it for fuel. The lad had been reading the Times.

Anybody can tell you about the day rate of gold but who, now that the Evening Exchange is closed, can tell you about the nitrate of silver?

An Embassy is expected in New York, next year, from Morocco. One of the principal places of interest to the Embassy will be the Swamp.

In Philadelphia, this last week, they have been having a grand Firemen's Parade. Why can't we have one in New York? A good occasion for it would be some time when there is a fire.

The other evening there was quite a collection of the opera artists at Pfaff's. They were all in excellent condition and, as the critics say, "did justice to their rôles."

Our city politicians are trying to reconcile the high price of coal with the low price of Wood.

The British capitalists made an excursion, last Wednesday, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. None of them were killed. Who wouldn't be a British capitalist?

Motto for a Petroleum Parvenu.—I do big ile the thing I am. (Very bad.)

DRAMATIC FEUILLETON.

BY FIGARO.

I am off to Philadelphia, Mr. Editor, at a moment's notice.

Please get my limbs insured at the Hartford Traveller's and have ready for me in case of accident a pair of cork legs.

Also, provide against "empty sleeves" and, if possible, empty pockets.

I have returned home with the latter a hundred times and know of no company in Hartford or elsewhere who will insure against them.

If I get to Philadelphia with both arms I may send you something from there about the theatres.

My friend Edvardus—not Edgardus, he is in Washington looking out for "Arrah-na-Pogue"—says that a word or two about the theatres, in this column, now and then, would be quite appropriate.

Edvardus is right.

But then he thinks I should write careful analyses, learned criticisms, and all that sort of thing.

Edvardus is wrong.

He wouldn't read them, himself.

Nobody would but actors and authors—and they only what was written about them.

No, Edvardus, you must let me go on in my own way.

I go to the theatre, just as you do, to be amused.

Sometimes it is the play that amuses me and sometimes the audience.

Most often, the latter.

Last Wednesday evening, for instance, I went to Wallack's, to see "Still Waters Run Deep," and "Ici on parle Français"; and my chief entertainment was a little comedy of manners going on in a private box near me, between three or four giggling young misses and a couple of young swells, who attracted the attention of the whole orchestra part of the house, and came near, at one time, getting a round of applause.

I have half a mind to give you the names of the dramatis personæ.

But no, I'll get Moss to send them each a copy of Chesterfield.

Mind you, I was simply amused by them: but imagine how the actors and actresses felt who were within bouquet's throw of the box, and could hear every word spoken.

Talk about there being no subject for the drama in this country, why if I were a playwright, I'd take just such a specimen of manners as this, and work it up into a comedy, which could be adapted, like Laura Keene's famous piece, to every city in the land.

But I am not a playwright, so the thing will never be done.

Meanwhile, we must put up with such plays as "Still Waters Run Deep"—and if you will find me a play more common-place in plot, more absurd in situation, or more twaddly in sentiment, I will find you a white black bird.

Still it takes, as everything does at Wallack's, for the simple reason that it is well acted.

I wish I could add, also, well mounted; but I fear the scene painter of the establishment has "got cold."

Still, there was a real mirror on the stage, and I had the pleasure of beholding in it some of the nicest carpetry behind the scenes that you can imagine.

In fact I had a beam in my eye nearly all through the play.

This didn't prevent me, however, from enjoying the performance; for E. L. Davenport's Capt. Hawksley is, perhaps, the most finished piece of light-comedy acting that we have had this season; while Charles Fisher's John Mildmay (though a little cumbrous in parts) is nearly as good; and Miss Henriques, as Mrs. Mildmay, gives such a chaste and beautiful rendering of a very gross and indelicate role, as to make me half inclined to forgive the author for having created it.

I can't speak so highly of Mark Smith's Mr.

Potter, which was altogether too Solon Shingly.

Miss Morant made the most, of course, of Mrs. Sternhold; but it is one of those horribly unnatural characters which nobody can play well, and which nobody should be asked to play at all.

But what are you to do when you have an author like Tom Taylor to deal with?

Better a thousand times Tom De Walden, who makes his characters human, at least.

But more of De Walden presently, though nothing more of Taylor.

He is what Charles Lamb would have called (no offence to the tailoring fraternity) a "curs'd ninth of a dramatist."

His still waters may run deep, but they run very muddy, and we have had enough of them.

What a relief it is at Wallack's when they have run out, to have them followed by the clear sparkling flow of the little comedietta, "Ici on parle Français."

I haven't seen it at this theatre, for despite Miss Logan, I can *not* sit through two pieces on the same evening, though it must be a treat to see Mr. Holston and Mr. Young in it, while to miss seeing any play in which Ione Burke appears is a positive sacrifice.

This is putting it rather strong, but never mind.

It is so rare in any sphere, and especially on the stage, to find youth and beauty combined with intelligence and ésprit—as is the case with Miss Burke and Miss Henriques—that when we are fortunate enough to do so, a little enthusiasm may be excused.

You see I was young myself once, Mr. Editor—not to say beautiful and brilliant—so I know what it is to have these qualities appreciated.

But excuse me from writing a disquisition on the subject, lest Edvardus or somebody accuse me again of digressing too much.

But where was I?

At Wallack's, wasn't it?

Well let us now go over for a moment to the Academy.

I hardly know who has been the lion there, this week, Maretzek or Bateman.

On the whole, I think Bateman.

He introduced his concert troupe to the Academic boards on Tuesday night, strengthened by the addition of Mr. Levy, the great English cornet-player.

The concert was given as a prelude to "Lucrezia Borgia," so that his prima donna came into almost immediate competition with Carozzi Zucchi in one of her best roles.

The two singers are so different, however, in their styles—and a dramatic performance is so essentially different from a mere lyric performance—that I doubt if any comparisons were indulged in.

They are both great artistes, and they both roused the audience to the highest pitch of excitement.

Mdlle. Parepa, however, lost her voice in a measure, after her first song, and the fact was announced to the audience by Mr. Bateman in a speech, so cleverly worded and so neatly delivered, that it was one of the successes of the evening.

I shouldn't be surprised to have Bateman turn up some day as a Fourth of July orator.

He made a second speech on Wednesday night—explaining that Mdlle. Parepa was too ill to sing at all and introducing Miss Kellogg in her place—which was good enough to have been set to music.

But it isn't this that has made him the lion of the Academy, this week, so much as the success of his two concerts, which could hardly have been surpassed.

The piano and violin playing was rather tedious, but the singing was such as is rarely heard even in opera, and Mr. Levy's performance on the cornet-à-piston was little short of miraculous.

It seemed rather hard on the habitués of the Academy to lengthen out two consecutive performances with concerts, but the opera singers were stimulated to do their best, and Maretzek, as well as Bateman, could boast, at the end, of having achieved a triumph.

The experiment was a dangerous one—especially for Maretzek—but "all's well that ends well," even if it doesn't end till midnight.

The next sensation at the Academy will be the new comic opera—"Crispino e la Comare" (The Cobbler and the Fairy) which is announced for Tuesday.

On Monday we are to have a repetition of "Il Trovatore"; and we *should* have, in course of the week, a repetition of "La Traviata," in which Mazzolini and Carozzi Zucchi are positively superb.

It is a shame that Bennett should be mortified by seeing the Academy flourish despite the opposition of the HERALD, but he has "Blind Tom" to console him, and when that fails he can take to "Old Tom."

He carries the Tom mania to such an extent that one of his pet places of amusement is the Anatomical Museum.

The Associate Managers feel bad to find him so demoralized by their triumph over him; but then again they have *their* consolation in full houses.

Not only Wallack's, which is always full, but Niblo's, the Olympic, the Winter Garden, the New Bowery, the Hippotheatron, Bryant's, etc., are all crowded nearly every night—without even taking the trouble to change their bills.

The Broadway, which is not "in the ring," is also crowded; but with a piece so full of fun as De Walden's "Sam," and with such actors as Frank Chanfrau, Olive Logan, Charles Parsloe, and the author, this could hardly be otherwise.

I had intended, by the way, to give something of an analysis of "Sam" this week—and also to give some description of the admirable manner in which the new scenic artist of the establishment—Mr. Grain—has just put it on the stage; but I am about the end of my tether.

I haven't even space to speak of the splendid performance of "The Streets of New York," now going on at the Olympic.

You must go and see it for yourself.

You will find it, both from a dramatic and a spectacular point of view, to be really brilliant.

Barnum's Museum, where I had hoped to spend an evening this week, I have only had time just to drop in at.

The place is in fine order and success is written all over it.

I heard the new Irish vocalist, Miss Kathleen O'Neil, sing several character songs, and they were given with great effect.

"The Czarina of the Hippodrome," Miss Oceana, was about to mount the "Wild Horse of Tartary" as I was leaving, but I resisted the temptation and went to the opera.

Even as now I resist the temptation of writing any more and start for Philadelphia.

If anything could make me stay in town, it would be the Grand Ravel Matinée to-day at Niblo's, where I like to go with the little folks.

The grown folks have an afternoon entertainment promised for them, by the way, at the Broadway, where, as the bills say, they can see "Sam by Daylight."

Yours t. f.

FIGARO.

A GOOD BANK TO HAVE STOCK IN.—A bank Where early falls the due.

A cockney coming out of a well-known gambling house, the other night, said he felt as if he had "struck Hoyle."

BATEMAN'S LAST SPEECH IN FRENCH.—M'lle. Parepa ne parait pas.

"Complimentary Instances," by Mark Tapley, will appear next week.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Life and Character of J. H. Van der Palm, D. D., Professor of Oriental Languages and antiquities; also of Sacred Poetry and Eloquence, in the University of Leyden. Sketched by Nicholas Beets, D. D. Translated from the Dutch by J. P. Westervelt. 12mo. pp. 401. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

Antony Waymouth; or, the Gentlemen Adventurers. By William H. G. Hingston. 12mo. pp. 294. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

Golden-Haired Gertrude: a story for children. By Theodore Tilton. With illustrations by H. L. Stephens. New York: Tibbals & Whiting.

Atalanta in Calydon, by Algernon Charles Swinburne 1 vol. 16mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Good Company for Every Day in the Year. Illustrated with seventeen steel plates. 1 vol. 12mo. Uniform with "Favorite Authors Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

(Continued from page 183.)

Presently, however, on the old dame's ceasing her movement and melody, and attempting to take a seat between us, apparently with the intention of enlightening our minds on the subject of the exhibition we had just witnessed, a tall, handsome woman, whom we had not before perceived, with a resolute face, firm, richly cut mouth, and splendid large bold eyes, came forward, pushed her away, and took the chair she was preparing to possess herself of. This lady, who was evidently an authority in the harem, and who was more like a good-looking young man than a woman, began, with a determined, rapid enunciation very unusual in Eastern women, to talk to my friend; the old lady, meanwhile, subsiding into silence and tranquillity.

Like all the East, her talk consisted almost entirely of a series of questions, while she leaned forward with her elbows on her knees, scanning us with her handsome, insolent eyes, in a manner that was really disconcerting. I thought, as I looked at her, here was another to whom harem discipline could not always have come easy!

At last, feeling that we were beginning to have enough of this, and shrewdly conjecturing that the bride must be having a deal too much of it—once, while we sat, one of the women had arranged the pillows, the better to support her: she merely bending forward a little, and in no other way changing her position—we made a move to go. But the resolute lady and one or two others declared that we must positively stay to dine, and would take no refusal. Curious to see a Turkish dinner, we consented; and, after sitting a little while longer, the meal was announced, and we were taken back to the first room. The bride seemed no more cognizant of our departure than she had been of our arrival or of our presence, though I have little doubt she was heartily glad to get rid of us. She was, I trust, soon released from her durance vile.

On entering the room where we were to dine, we were placed on chairs at the cotton-covered table, and at the same time an immense tray was brought in and laid on it. In the centre was a huge turkey, dressed plain, though it looked too sodden to be roasted, and around were ranged little dishes of pickles, salt, sugar, and other condiments. We had plates, and were, moreover, favored with knives and forks; respecting the necessity of which my friend had overheard a murmured conversation while we had been in the bride's room. All the spoons were of tortoise-shell or ivory, with rather flat bowls; and we had each a large napkin, worked at the ends with gold; and a small one more like an embroidered pocket-handkerchief. There was also Turkish bread: a sort of flat, soft, tough roll, cut into morsels, but not separated. Having taken our plates before us, a slave grasped the wing-bone of the turkey, nicked the joint very neatly with a knife, took off the wing, and then with her fingers tearing off long strips of the breast, put them on our plates. As we held it wise to follow as far as might be at Rome the customs of the Romans, we ate, and instantly another dish took the turkey's place, and then another, and then another, ad infinitum, with the most extraordinary rapidity. What the dishes were, or of what they consisted, it was impossible to say; and no order was observed as to the succession of meat and sweet dishes; the one replacing the other apparently at hazard. A tempting-looking white dish, we were told, was made of chicken, but on tasting it it proved to be sweet and very sickly. It appeared to be considered a peculiar delicacy, and was composed of the white meat of chicken cut up very small, brayed in a mortar, and then mixed up with a variety of other ingredients, sweetened and perfumed.

One or two dishes were rather good, but as, from their number and rapid succession, we could barely taste them (of some, indeed, we only took morsels on our plates, which we pretended to take for courtesy's sake), we carried away a highly confused idea of the component parts of the feast. At last, to our great relief, dessert, and a huge glass bowl, not unlike a globe for gold fish but more open at the top, were brought in, and we were invited to drink.

As neither glass, nor cup, nor any other convenience for drinking was supplied, we felt puzzled how to accede to the invitation, until large ivory and tortoiseshell spoons, or rather ladles, being produced, we were instructed to dip these into the bowl. This we did, and found the drink, which was clear and almost colorless, a sweet mawkish perfumed compound, in which were floating small slices of banana, and little stoneless raisins, or dried cherries. A very few sips were enough. We wound up with some morsels of apple, which the slave who chiefly served us had peeled and cut into little bits.

So singular and embarrassing a repast I never sat down to. The bold-eyed lady took her place beside me, and, quietly removing my bracelet—a chain with a diamond and enamelled locket—she, after examining it, folded her arms on the table, and folded it in with them. On the other side, the old lady who had so distinguished herself in the dance and song, kept helping herself with her fingers from all the dishes; and as she had neither plate, spoon, nor napkin, the proceedings were not pleasant to witness. Only these two sat; but round the table crowded innumerable standing women, evidently curious to behold the spectacle of Europeans at feeding-time.

All this while, my bracelet was in the hands of my determined-looking neighbor; and how it was to be got out of those hands was a question my friend and I debated in brief sentences while we ate. At last, seeing the locket peeping out of the closed palm, I ventured, with the most insinuating smile I could command, to hold out my wrist, indicating the bracelet with my eye, the while. But the lady was little disposed to surrender her prize so easily. She asked if there were hair in the locket? And on being answered in the negative, she calmly expressed a wish to have a lock of mine to put in it and keep for a keepsake and tender souvenir! What excuse my friend gave for not acceding to this sentimental request I hardly know, but the result was that, with a very ill grace, the lady restored the bracelet, and, a moment afterwards, got up and walked off in extreme dudgeon.

Just as we were deliberating how to take our departure in a proper manner, a eunuch came to inform us that the gentleman who had accompanied us desired to know if we were ready to go home?

The position having now become very difficult indeed, we hailed the message with considerable satisfaction, and requested the messenger to inform one of the chief ladies that we wished to express our thanks for the hospitality we had received, and to make our adieus. Also, we begged him to get my shawl, which had been taken off my shoulders before we sat down to dinner, and which did not appear to be forthcoming.

Dashing in among the women in most unceremonious fashion, he presently returned with the shawl; then the lilac and silver lady and another lady came to receive our farewells, which, being tendered, and gracefully received, we took our departure and rejoined our escort at the bottom of the stairs.

He, it appeared, had also dined, but not, as in our case, in solitary grandeur, but with several other guests: among whom, happily, was a Frenchman of his acquaintance. He had also seen the bridegroom depart in state for the mosque. The boy looked, he told us, little older than any European lad of the same age. He was still in the hands of his tutor or governor, who had given him a week's holiday to be married in. After this remarkable vacation, he was to return to his studies and usual mode of life, and the bride was to remain in the harem of her grandmother-in-law until her husband should be of age to set up an establishment and harem of his own.

This arrangement is common in the East, where there is every reason to desire that a girl shall be either secured or provided for; superiority of age on the lady's side is considered a matter of no importance. One marriage of this kind was cited to me where the bridegroom was ten and the bride twenty-eight. As at that time of life, Eastern women already look old, the bride must have made rather a sorry figure when her husband came to years of discretion and set up his harem.

It seems to be pretty generally understood now that some of the more intelligent among the Turks are beginning to draw comparisons between their own customs and the European system of treating women, and that these are unfavorable to the former, and that the women themselves are not always satisfied to accept their present lot.

Halim Pasha, brother to the Viceroy, said to a friend of mine, "Some of our women complain that we care little for them individually, and ask why European husbands are content with one wife, to whom they can be fond and faithful. But how is it possible for us to attach ourselves seriously to one of our women? They have nothing to win respect and regard; they know nothing, they do nothing, they understand nothing, they think of nothing; they are mere children—utterly foolish, ignorant, and uncompanionable. We cannot *love* them in your sense of the word."

True, O Pasha! But whose fault is it? However, the first step towards remedying an evil, is, to become conscious of its existence; and this step is gained.

One of the pleasantest book-stores in town is that of Mr. B. H. Ticknor—successor to Mr. Walter Low—No. 823 Broadway. Mr. Low, by-the-way, was to have sailed last Thursday for England, but the sail is postponed till next week.

MY GRIEVANCE.

Oh Refuge of the Distressed! Oh Good-Samaritan SATURDAY PRESS! You did not, as you might have done, turn in contempt from the trifling troubles of Tony Gaggles; so I know you will open your columnal arms to poor little "Bagatelle," staggering under a weight of consolidated woes.

Tony Gaggles, a great able-bodied man (all girls consider all men able-bodied), ought to be ashamed to shrink from doing the few *small* things required by Western papers of their New York city correspondents. You cannot help laughing as you read his "Tale of Woes:" you think it is because of his inimitable way of telling it; but it isn't—it's because his troubles are so trifling. I understand they elicited considerable sympathy; but they didn't from me. People staggering under the accumulated miseries of real ills of their own don't, I'm thinking, waste much sympathy on the imaginary, and, but at worst, impending evils of other fellows.

Oh, I could make Tony Gaggles' picayune troubles hide their diminished heads before the awful front of my Grief-Spectre—a spectre with a kingly train of imps and nymphs, bearing on their heads and in their hands Pandora boxes packed thick with curses.

But thank you, I'd rather not waste my trouble on Bohemian air where "competent critics" would pronounce it an every-day affair—where I would get neither sympathy nor more substantial comfort. You are O. K., of course, dear little Snap, and blessed are they who understand you, for they wont be disappointed; but the spirits that pounce down on you every Saturday morning are not just the ones one would like to invite to a bosom pre-occupied with such a grief as mine!

Lamartine excites the piteous throes of nations yearly o'er his private woes, but they laugh at Lamartine and at the nations! Could they do less than "smile," after having heard the simple recital of little "Bagatelle?"

You know how they giggled at Tony Gaggles, but no wonder; as I remarked before, his griefs were such trifles, and besides, like some big and over-bearing newspapers, he "dragged other people" in.

I am opposed to this thing of publishing private correspondence. Once admit it, and there is no security. Your standing and credit, and all that sort of thing, may be swept away some morning before breakfast, and you may not know it till you read it next morning at breakfast.

Having a few small notes scattered here and there, I may be supposed to be personally interested, but that's a mistake. They are of no kind of interest whatever. It is the principle I look to. Once let it get abroad that it is admissible to publish private correspondence, and farewell to the sweet, little badly-spelled missives of lady-loves and vivas for the revival of the brilliant but "gotten-up-for-public-show" epistles of the Ladies of the Revolution!

Please inform Monsieur Gaggles that it is not deemed *comme il faut* to publish private matters in that way, and intimate too that "it doesn't pay." If he has a little griefy lamp-oil, let him be like the prudent virgins in the fairy tale, keep it "till the Prince cometh," or, if that's too long to wait, till the CITIZEN wants another prize story.

As for me, I intend to keep my Drummond light Griefs for some immense publishing-house which shall, by accepting, end them.

Perhaps you think, snapping turtle SATURDAY PRESS, free from affections as a North Sea clam, that my troubles *must* be of the class pecuniary. Well, they're not (and, *entre vous*, that's what's the matter). No, they are *not* pecuniary. I know nothing about pecuniary things except what I gleam from those popular works of fiction, the financial columns of the daily papers.

As to the value of the knowledge acquired—well you may have it at what 'tis worth. As to the pleasure evolved in the perusal; don't press the point. Suffice it to say that pleasant as it must be for a hungry man in a "tight place" to amuse himself with cook-books or accounts of how Professor Blot gets up dinners, yet is his entertainment thin and poor compared with that which daily paper money-tables furnish *sans sou* sinners.

You will never guess it, my dear PRESS, assuming, which I don't, that you'll make an effort. So you may as well give it up before you begin. Guessing is not your *forte*, nor riddles, nor charades, with "answers next week." If it was, I'd send you this for (a) consideration.

But I have got a trouble—aye, a train of troubles, and if you'll not care for proofs, but will simply "take my word for it," you'll do more than that wretched corner-grocery-man across the way; and while you're about it you may as well adorn the back of the enclosed with your autograph, or what will be as well—might be better—find a responsible fellow who will. I'll do as much for you when my great Drummond light Grief flashes on the world, blinding its eyes forever to little Tony Gaggle tallow caudle griefs.

BAGATELLE.

(From Dickens' All the Year Round.)

MEDIUMS UNDER OTHER NAMES.

When was juggling a thing that was not, and when were there no prestidigitators in this lumbering old world of ours? Men with clean brisk fingers daintily tapering at the tips, supple-jointed, and with a marvellous amount of sensibility about the cushion; men with flexible palms, broad and yet compact, well hollowed in the cup, and with the large blue muscle of the thumb, soft, springy, and well developed; men with hands and fingers which, if viciously educated, would take to picking the pockets of a lay figure hung round with bells, and never stir the most loosely hung clapper of them all; but which would, if virtuously inclined, content themselves with forcing cards, bringing pigeons out of wine-bottles, and sending half a dozen half-crowns rattling into a glass box by no other means apparently possible than an invisible railway. Among the ancients and among the savages—in the rough old mediæval times and now, in this luxurious learned scientific and all-inquiring nineteenth century—whenever men have gathered together in companies there has been the juggler among them. Sometimes under a religious garb, as the "medicine-man," the priest teaching truths, or the pythoness uttering oracles, one to whom the Great Spirit has given peculiar gifts and consecrated to the task of instructing men by bestowing an exclusive knowledge of divine things; sometimes as the magician, the professed trafficker with viewless spirits, good or bad, according to the moral nature of the man and the character of the tricks done, but viewless spirits nevertheless—things of supernatural powers and supernatural existence, which, if they did in truth haunt any man, would send him mad outright, or kill him with awe and horror; and sometimes, more simply, as the true juggler, the professor of hocus-pocus, who confesses that he does all his marvels by trick and sleight of hand, and who pretends to no superiority save what is found in keen sight, well-shaped fingers, a good memory, and untiring industry. It is of these last, by far the cleverest, and the honest men of the MEDIUM tribe, and I am now going to speak; and when one knows what has been done by mere dexterity of arrangement and quickness of hand, sundry miracles of the present time will sink into insignificance, and will be held as by no means to be compared with hundreds of acknowledged tricks, about which was neither falsehood nor audacious pretence of communication with the dead.

Here is a glass of plain water, perfectly clear, limpid, colorless; hold it up to the light—you see nothing whatever but an innocent glass of spring water, without even an animalcule floating unconscious in the midst. Strike into it a glass rod or an iron tube. In a moment the plain water flashes out into innumerable crystals, and the glass is filled with brilliant prismatic spicula, glancing back all the colors of the rainbow. That is magic, if you like; natural magic; which is better than human. Another glass of pure water fresh from the spring—breathe on it gently, and it is no longer clear and pure but milky and turbid; another bit of nature's juggling, very useful in its way. Do you see this piece of ice? Here, I press something down on it with my penknife; the ice bursts into flames, and the flames lick up the drops as they run. Again, I bring a lighted match to the surface of this block of Wenham, and there is at once an unmistakable bonfire, which burns until I put it out. I have another tumbler of quite clear water here. Gently I slip an egg into the tumbler, then raise my hand when it has slipped down midway, and bid it stop and float; it does stop, it does float; and I hold up before my audience the admirable spectacle of an egg suspended in the water without hook, cord, magnet, or any other visible agent whatsoever. Why not? If my will can go into chairs and tables and make them walk and talk, why not into an egg to arrest its downward career? I have a slender-necked jar or bottle, bulbous in the body, contracted in the throat, yet comfortably located in that bulbous body is another egg, whole, sound, unbroken, but of such dimensions as could never possibly have passed through the neck. Yet it did. The bottle was not made over the egg, and the egg was got through a passage a full inch too small for it. How? Eggs are brittle things, and, so far as I know, not compressible: yet this mystery of the egg and the bulbous narrow-

necked jar is true. I can light my candles by only pointing at them with a glass rod; I can pour a bucketful of water on to a heap of sand, and bring up the sand as dry as if I had taken it off Hampstead Heath on a windy day in March—a trick, by the way, made great use of by the Hindù jugglers, and also of life or death value in the ordeals of that enlightened people: the priests having the privilege of manipulating the sand. I can freeze water in a red-hot vessel standing close by the fire; I can dip my hand into water, and bring it out again as dry as if just wiped with a Baden towel—another Hindù trick known to the West. I can pour water on to a sheet of paper, and instead of wetting the paper, it shall run about in little balls like crazy quicksilver. A dead twig or a branch of summer beauty, green and leafy, I can fumigate with a little sweet-scented incense, and in a short time bring it you again white and sparkling with the crystallization of hoar-frost. By merely shaking an uncorked bottle of oil, I can produce the loveliest moonlight effects of light—very like the luminous hands in present vogue. I can walk on hot metal plates, if you give me time beforehand for the preparation of my feet; and I, and M. de Boutigny, and some others, can boldly plunge our naked arms into glowing vats of fiercely boiling metal, which only feels to us like liquid velvet. All this I can do, by the aid and teaching of natural magic, and without any help from the "dear spirits." But I can do much more than this: as you will see if you go on.

Even so long ago as Chaucer's time, when I was a joculator or jougglour, I was an adept in the art of sleight of hand. I could cut off a boy's head as he lay on a table, and you should see the blood on the platter, and the livid hue of death on the face, as the jaws gaped and chattered in the last throes: when with a "presto! pass! hey cockalorum fizgig!" I could put it on again, and the grinning jackanapes be none the worse; I could thimblerig as well as the best of the modern professors on Ascot Heath, pass cards at my will, and make the ace of hearts a live pigeon; I could make an egg dance a hornpipe indifferently well; I could change a groat into a tester, and a tester into a noble, if I had such a thing about me; yet somehow I never got the richer for the transformation. I could tie innumerable knots in a handkerchief, or you could tie them yourself, or as many of you as chose; but at the word of command they should all unloose themselves and fall out. I could give you ale or beer, sherris or sack, all out of the same barrel, and in larger quantity than the said barrel would hold without jugglery intervening—so Master Haudin's trick of the inexhaustible bottle, clever as it was, had its forerunners. I could cut off my nose; thrust a padlock through my cheek and turn the key upon myself to show you it was all right, and no deception, my masters. I could eat fire and breathe it out again; swallow knives, pull a rope through my nose, and draw countless yards of ribbon out of my mouth. I could swallow a tin pudding, a yard long; make three bells come where you could all see for yourselves were only two before, and no possibility of a third; I could make a card vanish and turn up unexpectedly in another place; I could juggle you many a pretty picture beyond all chance for any of your duller wits to understand how. Could you tell me how I brought into my lord's hall, that water, seemingly fair living water—in which were boats with men rowing up and down? Or how I conjured up the show or presence of that grim lion? and of that ample field with posies growing rich and lush among the grass? How did I make the vine grow up in a moment, bearing white and red grapes, real to the touch and sweet to the taste? How did I build you a goodly castle with actual stone, and at a word make all disappear as swiftly as it had come?

A "learned clerk," a friend of mine, to amuse his company, made a "forest full of wild deer, where might be seen a hundred of them slain, some with hounds and some with arrows; then the hunting being finished, he caused a company of falconers to appear upon the banks of a river, where the birds pursued the herons and slew them, and then came knights jousting on a plain"—all by the noble art of jugglery and natural magic. Do you not believe me? Read Strutt's Sports and Pastimes, and then you will find that I have not boasted, and that when I merely clapped my hands together, "all was gone in an instant." I don't say that all this was not by a kind of magic lantern known only to the initiated. True, Kircher invented the real magic lantern as we have it now, but we were not all fools before Kircher came, and we had a pretty little store of optical secrets among us, and at least knew the effects of cylindrical mirrors, and the principles of reflection and refraction. Then people were so thick-witted and so superstitious! (almost as superstitious as they are now), and were so ready to cry magic and the devil, that if we ran more danger of being spitted and roasted as magicians, we got off with less criticism and far less chance of detection. Sir John Mandevill, a few years later, saw something of the same kind of thing as what I and my friend, the learned clerk, did in Chaucer's time. There were jugglers at the court of the great Chan, who made night at noon, and noon at night; who brought in fair damsels, heavens knows whence or how, and caused boar hunts and knights jousting, to appear: the splinters of whose spears flew over the hall.

In 1579, I went down to Ashwell Thorpe, where I performed a trick—I cannot do it now, I wish I could—like the famous mango trick of the Hindùs. I set an acorn in the midst of the hall, watered it, watched and tended it, and in a few moments caused it to grow up a goodly tree, bearing real acorns,—I appeal for testimony to the swine of the period—which acorns ripened, fell, and were devoured, according to the laws of acorn life. Two stout woodmen with difficulty cut down this tree, the chips of which flew far and wide about the hall; but at my command my two green goslings carried away the fragments without any difficulty. Which is exactly the kind of thing some Hindù juggler is doing at this moment somewhere in British Hindùstan. A ballad was made on this trick of mine, which, lest you have not got Bloomfield's History of Norfolk by you, I will transcribe:

THE BALLAD OF ASHWELL THORPE, MADE IN SIR THOMAS KNEVET'S TIME.

Once there lived a Man,
Deny it they that can,
Who liberal was to the Poore:
I dare boldly say,
They ne'er were sent away,
Empty-Handed from his Doore.

When Misers in Holes crept,
Then open House he kept,
Where many then did resort,
Some for love of good Beere,
And others for good Cheere,
And others for to make Sport.

The Acorn he pull'd out,
And shewed it all about,
In his hand then he took it agayne,
In the presence of them all
In the middle of the Hall,
He sett downe the Acorne playne.

While one could drink a Cup,
Then did an Oake spring up,
Which was so huge and tall,
With arms it so put out,
And Branches all about,
That it almost fill'd the Hall.

This Oake then did beare
Which was a thing most rare,
Acornes both black and brown,
For which the Swine did busk,
And they did loose their Husk,
As they came tumbling down.

This great Oake there did stand,
To the View of every Man,
Who saw, it was so playne,
But Roome then to afford,
To bring supper unto Bord,
They wish't it gone agayne.

Then loudly he did call,
And Two came into the Hall,
Who were both stout and strong,
And with the Tools they had,
To work they went like mad,
And laid this Oake along.

There was a Gentlemen,
From London Citty came
The countrey for to see,
And all in the Pryme,
Of jovial Christemas Time,
There merry for to be.

This Londoner did say,
If the Gentry would give way,
A Trick to them he wid show,
That an Acorne he would sett,
If they would please to ha'te,
Which to a great Tree should grow.

I'll tell you here no Lye,
The Chips there then did flye,
Buzzing about like Flyes,
And Men were forced to ward
Their faces well to guard,
For fear they sh'd loose their Iyes.

He bade them then behold,
And ev'ry one take hold,
This Oake for to carry away.
And they all hold did get,
But c'd not stirr't a whit,
But still along it lay

He said they had no Strength,
Which he would prove at Length
For it sh'd not lye long on the Floor,
Two Goslings young and green,
They then came whewting in,
And carried it out of the Door.

Then gone was the Oake,
That had so many a Stroke,
Before that it fell down,
Thus as it grew in Haste,
So quickly did it waste,
Not a Chip then could be found.

This Story is very true,
Which I have told to you,
'Tis a wonder you didn't heare it,
I'll lay a Pint of wine,
If Parker and old Hinde,
Were alyve that they w'd sweare it.

This is precisely the mango trick of the present day. The Hindù juggler takes a dry stick, plants it in a pot with some earth and water, makes his invocations, and covers it up. In a short time he removes the cover, and, behold, the mango has sprouted. Again he covers up, and again he looks—the sprout has widened to a full-grown shoot, with expanding leaves and forming blossom. Again—the blossom has now fructified, and the petals lie withering on the mould. Again—the fruit is fully formed. Again, it is ripening; and now, again, and for the last time, the cover is removed, when the mango, fully ripe, is plucked from the tree fully grown, and gracefully handed to the Mem Sahib to taste. In another moment the mango-tree is the withered stick it was in the beginning. Yet this is professed jugglery, a mere delusion of the senses by manual dexterity, such as the juggler of Ashwell Thorpe achieved when he planted his acorn and reared his oak, and caused the two goslings to carry away the chips which the couple of stout laborers had made.

Another Hindù trick is the girl and the basket. A circle is formed, say of soldiers, standing thick and serried; the juggler, the

child, the basket, Mem Sahib, and Mem Sahib's friends are in the centre of the circle; and the whole scene, remember, takes place out of doors. The juggler, after going through his less exciting tricks—keeping up a shower of balls with his hand while he keeps up a shower of rings with his toes, perhaps at the same time balancing a loose stick tower on his chin—building up his jointed pole on his forehead, up which the trained goat runs and stands with all four feet on the top, on a space not half so large as one's hand—piling four or five waterpots on his head, with a girl standing on the top of all, with which singular headdress he dances about the circle juggling his balls as usual, or stringing beads on a thread with his tongue—after holding a staff in his waistband and letting a brother juggler swarm up it and lay himself all abroad on the top, legs and arms flying to all four quarters, and the body balanced only on one part of the stomach—after these and other kindred displays he comes to the finale of all: the girl and the basket.

The juggler calls the little girl to him and begins to play with her, at first gently, then a little more boisterously, until at last he thrusts her roughly under the basket, and tells her he shall keep her there till she is good. The little girl begins to whine and remonstrate from underneath the basket; the juggler gets angry, scolds her, and tells her to hold her tongue, else he will whip her; but the little one is unappeasible, and the quarrel goes on, increasing in intensity, until at last the man, in a paroxysm of anger, draws his sword, and thrusts it wildly into the basket. The screams of the child are heartrending, her yells and cries agonizing; but the juggler stabs and stabs again, and works his sword about the wickerwork in uncontrollable and fiendish fury. Then the child's voice ceases, and just a few heavy sobs are heard; then, some fainter moans, fainter—fainter—as the last gasps of a murdered child would be—and then, all is still. The juggler pulls his bloody sword from the basket, wipes it, and composedly salaams Mem Sahib and her friends, who are generally in a state of hysterical distress; sometimes, indeed, the soldiers are with difficulty restrained from tearing the man to pieces, especially in one case known to me, when the captain of the company, himself quivering in every limb with horror and agitation, had actually to defend the juggler from the excited men.

How it might have fared with him heaven only knows, but that on his giving a peculiar cry, the little girl came bounding and laughing into the circle—coming from behind the soldiers—though every man was ready to swear that she had not passed him, and could not have passed the through the thick ranks anywhere. Now, how is that trick done? It is nothing but jugglery from first to last—as much mere jugglery as Torrini's trick of sawing one live pages into two, or as Robin's of pulling one pigeon into two; but, mere trick as it is, it is undiscovered yet, though hundreds of shrewd hard-headed unimaginative and scientific Englishmen have seen it, thought about it, tried it—and been baffled—for half a dozen generations.

(To be concluded next week.)

THE PRINCIPAL FAULT OF KEAN.—That he got caught.

BOOKS.

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BY

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Author of "LUCILLE," &c.

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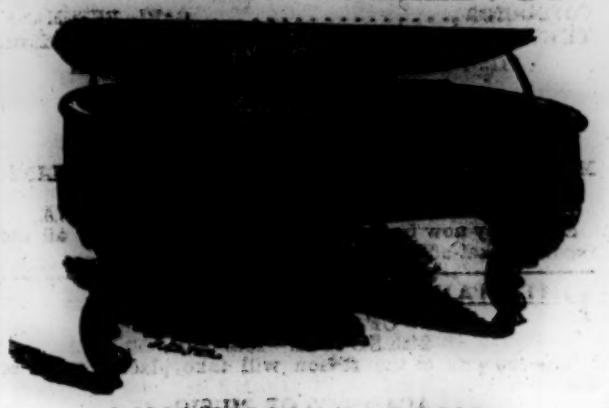

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